of the Richest Women in the World, Spends Her Time and Money.

From the New York World. I expect to pass through this life but once; any good, therefore, that I can do. let me do it now; let me not neglect it, or

defer it, for I shall not pass this way One day last week two ladies came into Delmonico's for luncheon.

One was a gentle-faced, elderly woman with snowy hair, dressed plainly in black. The other-a young lady-was of delicate frame, with they hands and feet, an exquisitely clear-cut profile, dark hair, gray eyes with black lashes and brows, and a dazzling and perfectly natural complexion. This young woman was dressed in a violet cloth gown of perfect cut and finish. On her small, well-shaped head she wore a close toque of purple velvet trimmed with violets. Over her shoulders was thrown a cape of Persian lamb trimmed with chinchilla. Nothing marred the perfection of quiet elegance displayed in her tollette.

As these two ladies took their seats there was a languid, well-bred ripple of interest throughout the room, and from a table close by the writer heard a man say: "There is the most remarkable young woman in New York society to-day."

The elder of the two ladies was Mrs. Russell Sage. eyes with black lashes and brows, and a sell Sage the younger was Miss Helen Gould. Since the passing of Jay Gould his eldest

A TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL.

doubly interesting from the fact that she has chosen every book in it herself and has arranged them to suit her own fancy. She is very fond of poetry. She has a full set of the books of modern poets bound in white and gold. Histories, art books, encyclopedias, standard philosophies make up this realm of study. Mrs. Russell Sage is perhaps Miss Gould's most intimate friend, and Mrs. Sage is a deep student. These ladies spend hours together in study and research.

Devotion to Her Father.

lunatics.

Her life is so full of affairs of moment

she has no time to consider matrimony.

It is a well known fact that the Count de Castellane paid court first to Miss Helen Gould. Receiving no encouragement, he turned to the younger daughter.

Miss Gould is an intensely patriotic young



daughter has been a perpetual riddle, a sphinx, to the world.

The public has not been able to understand her in the least.

It has been a source of great annoyance to many excellent people that they have not been permitted to judge Miss Gould by ordinary methods and from common-place standpoints.

What She Doesn't Do.

It has been inconceivable that a young woman who represents \$15,000,000 in her own right should not be a great belle, a social butterfly, a fashionable leader.

It has been marvelous that so great an American heiress should not long ere this have sought the prestige of a distinguished alliance, either at home or abroad.

But Helen Gould has neither battered at society's doors nor bartered her millions for a title.

She has never been found at fashionable

woman, an American through and through. Should she ever marry, her friends say, it will not be some foreign nobleman.

Helen Gould is essentially a business manages her own property. Her brother George has been her adviser in many momentous matters, but Miss Gould has a mind of her own, as was shown not long since, when she refused to sell her elevated railroads, the traction and part of the trolley system of New York and Brookivn.

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She has never been found at fashionable bal masques nor garden-truck functions. She is never seen in the glittering horseshoe of the Metropolitan opera house, wearing a gown off her shoulders and a tiara on her head.

She is not identified with any of the foxhunting, cross-country riding sets.

She never lolls in a victoria at Newport, nor dances at assembly balls.

Still society looks cordially upon her, and the doors to its holy of holies would swing for her should she signify her wish to enter therein.

to enter therein.
But she does not.
On the contrary, she goes on year after year in the even, noiseless tenor of her way, living her studious, benevolent, helpful life, adored by the little waifs upon whom she has showered the sunshine of her beautiful presence, idolized by the younger brother to whom she has been mother and friend as well as big sister, respected by business men for her level judgment in affairs of moment, and revered udgment in affairs of moment, and revered by her associates in good works. And the world has wondered! The world has companied:

The world has compared her with her sister, the gay, the fun-loving school girl, the dashing young counters whose marriage set society agog, the grande deme of Parisian society.
It has compared her with her sister-inlaw, that brilliant and diplomatic young matron, whose pretty hands almost swing open the doors to fashionable society's holy of holies.

And it has not been able to analyze the difference between the young recluse of Lyndhurst and the vivacious matron of Lakewood, or the fulfiedged Parisian bells.

Remarkable Young Woman.

It is the province of this story to indi-It is the province of this story to andi-cate a few of the reasons why Helen Gould is the most remarkable young woman in New York society to-day, and yet not at

cate a few of the reasons why Heien Gould is the most remarkable young woman in New York society to-day, and yet not up society—in the world and not of it. Helen Gould is first of all a sincere, earnest Christian, believing that this life is but the threshold of the next. She is a communicant of the Presbyterian church.

The creed by which she regulates her gentle, blameless life is summed up in these words: "I expect to pass through this life but once; any good, therefore, that I can do, let me do it now; let me not neglect it, nor defer it, for I shall not pass this way again."

The greatest happiness of Helen Gould's life is to make others happy.

Her charities, however, are as unostentatious as her life.

With no fanfare of trumpets are her good deeds blazoned to mankind.

Miss Gould's income is over \$500,000 a year, and of this she spends twenty times as much upon charity as upon herself.

She has practically renounced the world and has become a sister of the poor.

Especially is Helen Gould the friend of forforn children. Always interested in hospitals and circles for bables, she supports two beds in the Bables' shelter connected with the Church of the Holy Communion.

Her charity at Woody Crest is well known.

The old-time manor house, about two miles from Lyndhurst, is a paradise for the tiny couples who are so fortunate as to be sent there. This charity Miss Gould calls her "recreation."

known.

The old-time manor house, about two miles from Lyndhurst, is a paradise for the tiny couples who are so fortunate as to be sent there. This charity Miss Gould calls her "recreation."

She personally superintends every detail of the place, visiting the house every detail of the place visiting the h

misnomer.

Miss Gould is a strictly temperance woman.

On Frances Willard's casket the other day lay a wreath of lilies of the valley, the girl of the helress. Miss Gould was a great admirer of the intrepid leader of the Wegnen's Christian Temperance Union. No wines, liquors or cordials are served on Miss Gould's table.

"Oh, Mr. Clemens!" she said. "Now please do tell me! I've been thinking of taking up writing, but I am so afraid of that dreadful writer's cramp—did you ever have it?"

"And what did you take for it?"

"Beefsteak."

"Su apply it?"

"Brolled and internally." said Clemens

ladies spend hours together in study and research.
Moreover, Miss Gould is a law student. She has taken a full course of law especially designed for business women. To a close friend she said that she had studded law in order to be able to understand and manage her own affairs.

The eminent authorities who taught and examined Miss Gould say that her mind is unusually clear and brilliant, and her percentage was unusually high.

Helen Gould is known to have been the favorite of her father. She is to-day devoted to his memory, and says to her friends that he was the best man she ever knew.

It is known that he was the most indulgent of fathers, a companion and friend to his child, not a stern, forbidding parent. Miss Gould during his life preferred his companionship to that of all others, and companionship to that of all others, and he turned to her always from the fever of his life, as the desert traveler turns to a draught of pure water.

Is it not possible Helen Gould compares the men she meets with the man who to her represented all that was good, lofty and noble in life?

Miss Gould said to a friend laughingly:
"All my beaux are cranks." She has been annoyed and threatened by adventurers and lunatics.

MISS HELEN GOVILD.

Modest and retiring to a degree, shunning observation and comment in all ways, without one trace of arrogance, Miss Gould's femininity is almost of the old

It has been the writer's privilege to meet Miss Gould socially and to see her in her own home.

Her Homes. The fine, old-fashloned mansion on the corner of Forty-seventh street and Fifth avenue has been thrown open this season for the first time in many years. Miss Gould's health has not been of the strongest since her father died, and on that acclinations, she has preferred to spend most of her time at her country home

near Tarrytown. The Gould house was built by ex-Mayor Opdyke, and is one of those deep roomed, wide halled and massive stairwayed old houses which are a positive delight to lovers of the antique.

The hall runs to the back of the house

and discloses a vista of statuary surrounded by palms.

The drawing room is a superb apartment, opening into a parlor beyond, which is the conservatory.

The appointments are in the best possible taste. There is no attempt at effect. The walls, hangings, couches and chairs are done in pearl gray satin, brocaded in tones of brown.

The faint gray tone is repeated in the velvet carpet, embellished with nebulous tints of rose and turquoise. Exquisite Corots and Daubignys cover the walls. White marble figures of chaste design stand out against the dun tones of wall and hangings. Crystal sconces glitter from

"Oh, Mr. Clemens!" she said. "Now

Miss Gould's table.

Miss Gould's Studies.

Miss Gould is a studious woman. She has one of the finest libraries in the country, lad, all right."

Miss Gould's table.

you apply it?"

"Brolled and internally," said Clemens, gravely. "I can't answer for its being a panacea, but it cured the kind of cramps I had, all right."

ADVICE GIVEN BY AN OLD WOMAN TO HER YOUNG COMPANION.

Frust in Your Own Sex-Girls Are Too Rendy to Accept Without Question Everything Their Male Admirers Say.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Woman's friendship for woman is one thing, and woman's friendship for man al-together another. The latter is not so fragile as the former. An old woman and a young woman can be the truest and best of friends; two old women can be thor-oughly sincere and faithful in their friendship, and two young women can be the same until they become interested in same man. Two men who are friends often become interested in the same woman, but the bond between them may not be broken thereby. Let two young women who are friends get interested in the same man and there is a very different story to tell. "Why is it that we never see two young women loyal and true and faithful in their

friendship for one another, as we men are?" man often asks. It is because there is a marked difference in the quality of man's mind and of womin the quality of man's mind and of wom-an's. Since women are creatures of faith, it would seem more natural for them to be better friends one to another than men; but they aren't. Woman has more faith when it comes to unseen things than man, but man has more faith in the things and people around him than his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, to say nothing of his wife and mother. Faith is the basis of friendship, ad without it honeyed declara-tions, such as women are wont to make, avail nothing.

An cld woman told a young girl some

An old woman told a young girl some

An cld woman told a young giri some valuable things about this matter of friend-ship recently. Between the two there exists one of those ideal relationships which ally youth and age, giving to one the wisdom of many years and to the other the joyousness of a few.

"I wonder why it is," said the girl, "that friendship between women of the same age is so different between men of the same age, or between men and women. Now, I don't feel at all toward my young women friends as I do toward my men friends. There are a great many things that I would tell the men that I wouldn't dream of telling to women. A thing is safe with a woman as long as things are running smoothly between you and her, but as soon as there is a little spat or a spirit of rivalry springs up over clothes or beaux or any old thing over which women vie with one another, she forgets all about her pledges of loyalty and uses your confidence against you. Mind you, I'm talking about myself as well as every other woman in every other country of the world. We are one another, she forgets all about her pledges of loyalty and uses your confidence against you. Mind you, I'm talking about myself as well as every other woman in every other country of the world. We are all in the same boat. Something seems to have been left out of our composition when it comes to implicitly trusting another weman of the same age and attractions." "I'll tell you what it is," answered the old woman. "It is faith. Women certainly are queer. They can believe in all sorts of queer gods and creeds and have perfect faith in miracles and man, and yet they cannot trust their feminine fellow beings, unless the said beings are years older or younger or decidedly unattractive. The reason you tell your men friends things that you won't tell your women friends is because you have faith in them, and you have this faith in them because they have faith in you. Faith begets faith. To have a friend you must be one. You can't expect women to be true to you unless you are true to them. If every woman had perfect faith in the goodness and sincerity of every other woman of her acquaintance, friendship between woman and woman would be far purer and stronger than friendship between man and man or woman and man. One woman can understand another, can put herself in her sister's place, can feel not only for her but with her as man could never do, but, alas and alack! we don't do it because we lack faith in one another. Faith helps us to draw to us whatever we actively trust in. Falth, you know, means something besides fidelity; it means trust.

"You become friends with a man, and his inherent faith in you gives you not only faith in him, but faith in yourself, and your friendship flourishes and grows strong. You meet a woman of your own age and you lack faith in her and she lacks faith in pour and the lacks faith in one another, come wnat may. Faith is one of the most powerful magnets given to human beings, but it attracts to itself whatever or whoever it earnestly and presistently desires. If you wish to establish a tr

wish to establish a true relationship between yourself and other women, cultivate a spirit of faith in your own sex, and preach and demonstrate that spirit to them. Another thing; don't have overmuch faith in man. Lop off a little of the fidelity and trust that you give to the rib sex and give it to the women folks, and things will adjust themselves more fairly and evenly.

"Not for worlds would I have you lose your faith in men, but don't believe everything they say. Above all things, never accept an excuse a man offers with your mind. Accept it with your lips, yes, but not with your mind or heart. What do I mean? Just this: If one of your men friends, usually very attentive, should stay away from you a month, say, and come back with the thinnest of excuses, you would not only accept it graciously, but would actually selieve it. Don't. It's all right to accept it with the lips, but not with the mind. If a woman friend should neglect you two weeks you wouldn't take stock in any excuse she might offer unless you absolutely knew it to be true. The woman's excuse is more often genuine than the man's. Men do what they want to do. If a man really wants to be with you nothing short of a wide separation in miles will keep him away. Death itself won't do it unless he happens to be the corpse. So don't believe in his excuses unless they are really very ingenious. Now I know a Chicago lawyer, a brilliant fellow who has had a moteoric career, and really while, if I were a girl, I wouldn't accept his excuses I must say that I could not fail to accept and admire them. Only the other night I heard him make an excuse to a girl, to whom he'd been trying to stay away from you. You are too attractive for me, and I fancled you cared for some one else more; so I stayed away. But it's no use. I couldn't stand it any longer, so here I am back, and you'll have to endure me. Stay away from you I can't.

"That girl was in the seventh heaven and believed every word of that excuse," continued the old woman. "I knew that that man had been

will bind you together.

Club Women in New York.

New York Letter: The women of New York have organized themselves into clubs for the study of art of children, for the development of literature and the advancement of literature and the advancement of philanthropy; clubs for women of me stage, political clubs, suffrage clubs, class clubs of all kinds; the working girls' club, clubs for women of leisure, who desire to enjoy the pleasures of life a la man. In fact, nearly all kinds of clubs into which it is possible for women to form themselves have a lodgment in the metropolis. One of the newest, however, is a club of trained nurses. This unique institution has a house of its own, where every opportunity is afforded the members to develon the domestic side of their natures while waiting for a call. The Nurses' Club is now self-sustaining. The usual remuneration of the nurses of this club is \$25 a week, but they will not refuse to attend an urgent case if the person desiring their service is too poor to pay for them. The club is popular with physicians on account of this commendable feature of its constitution. Club Women in New York.

Some Amusing Hibernicisms. Some Amusing Hibernicisms.

Sir Boyle Roche is best known to fame as the man who smelt a rat, saw him floating in the air and nipped him in the bud; but a writer in the current Cornhill has unearthed some less familiar bulls from the same eminent source. For example, discoursing on the relations between England and Ireland, Sir Boyle declared that "he is an enemy to both kingdoms who wishes to diminish the brotherly affections of the two sister countries." This is, however, no better than the benevolent wish of the governor of Georgia, in his speech at the last Atlanta exposition, that the occasion might be an entering wedge which would bring about a more perfect unity between North and South.

MUST BEWARE OF THE MEN. SANG FOR THE BLACKSMITH. MISS WILKINS AT How Parepa Rosa Helped to Mend a

Wagon Tire-The Silent Mormon Was Charmed.

A writer in the San Francisco Call relates an interesting incident of Parepa Rosa's trip across the plains in 1866. The party in the stage coach consisted of Parepa Rosa, her main, Carl Rosa, De Vivo, two Mormons and the narrator. One of the Mormons was talkative; the other is remembered as the Silent Man. It was a glorious moonlight night. Suddenly, when the coach was "miles away from any-where." a wheel tire broke. The driver, says the Call writer, walked sulkily about his coach. The suggestions of the passengers availed not. Gloom settled down like a heavy fog over all, and at last we were silent, having exhausted our ideas.

Suddenly, upon the still night air was wafted the sad, sweet strains of "Ben Bolt," and Parepa Rosa threw her soul into it, and sang as though an enthusi-astic audience were awaiting to break into She stopped with a laugh. "At least, let us make the best of it!" she cried, in

"Gosh! that was great!" he said, in slow accents.

But the rest of us found it impossible to rise to the situation.

"I kin mend that wheel," continued the Silent Man, after a moment, "an' I'll do it, Mrs. Rosu, if yer'll sing all the time I'm workin'."

"Oh, I will: I will!" cried Parepa Rosa.
"It'll take me pretty nigh all night," said the Silent Man, after a brief examination of the damage; "but I'll do the work if you'll do the singin'."

We all applauded, and the compact was made. With the air of an expert the Silent Man started work. It was soon evident that he was a master mechanic, and we clustered around and watched his skillful work.

work.
"Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town." "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marbie Halls," arias from "The Bohemian Girl," and snatches of oratorios, song after song rang through the still night for the benefit of a very small audience, and when the singer paused the Silent Man, lacking inspiration, also rested. The more he liked her selection, the harder he worked, and he progressed so rapidly under the strains of "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" that it brought a triple encore.

The moon sank down to the horizon; the first faint, cool flush of dawn broke in the West.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me—

sang Parepa Rosa.

"Great!" drawled the Silent Man. "Well,
we're all hunky dorey. I guess I've earned
my concert, and you've earned your ride,
Mrs. Rosa."

Mrs. Rosa."
"All aboard." shouted the driver.
Into the coach scrambled the men. back into her seat sank Parepa Rosa with a sigh of relief, and with a crack of the whip and a sudden jolt, on we rolled toward Salt Lake City.

SHE IS A COLONEL.

Miss Whittington, of Hot Springs, Has Been Commissioned an Officer by Governor Jones.

Miss Emma W. Whittington of Hot Springs, Ark., has been commissioned a colonel in the Arkansas militia by Governor Jones of that state. This is the third time in the history of this country that the honor has fallen upon a woman, and the first in Arkansas.

Colonel Whittington is sponsor of Company A, Third infantry, located at Hot Springs: she is a military enthusiast proud of her company and of the title she holds. She is a well known and popular young society belle at "the Springs." As a hostess she has no superior in the South, and she is never so happy as when giving pleas-



MISS EMMA W. WHITTINGTON

ure to and entertaining friends. It is "open house" with her all the year round. It is her wont every summer to make up a "house party" for her summer place at "One Thousand Dripping Springs." or, as her young friends call it, "Bonny Glen." located some five miles from Hot Springs, where it is a continuous round of pleasure from arrival to departure.

Colonel Whittington is the daughter of Major Alf Whittington, one of Hot Springs' most prominent citizens: a granddaughter of Colonel Hiram Whittington, one of Arkansas' poineers, who settled in Little Rock in 18%, and established the Little Rock Gazette, which paper is still in existence. In 1832 he moved to Hot Springs. He was selected to represent in the general assembly what was then the Western district of Arkansas, and was prominent in framing the new constitution of the state.

In her full uniform of a colonel Miss Whittington will be a prominent feature at the state encampment, to be held at Little Rock in July.

IMPROPER DIET.

Different Temperaments Require Different Treatments-As to the Complexion.

From What to Eat.

How often do we see the otherwise handome school girl, with a pasty complexion. It is due largely to an improper diet, especially at the noonday luncheon, which often consists of cake, pie and confectionery.
What you eat, when you eat, and how

much you eat, plays an important part in the matter of complexion. Fruits, especialthe matter of complexion. Fruits, especially those that are tart. Graham bread, greens, broths and soups (not greasy or highly seasoned), milk, acid drinks and lean meats are recommended as beneficial. A Southern woman who was a beauty in her youth, and at the age of 60 retained many of her charms, especially her clear, fresh complexion, attributed it partially to the fact that she abstained from drinking test or coffee drinking instead lemonto the fact that she abstained from drinking tea or coffee, drinking instead lemonade, acid drinks, saline mineral waters, and always a glass of clear water before breakfast, and eating plenty of chopped lean meat without potato.

Different temperaments require different treatment. A slender, billious brunette whose blood is thin may indulge in underdone beef, gravies and plenty of butter, while the blonde who is inclined to serofula and a florid complexion, must restrict herself to eggs, milk, bread, light broths and fruit.

ruit.

Too much stress cannot be placed on the use of fruits as an ald to digestion and an improver of the complexion.

Eat temperately, do not overload the stomach. Eat and drink as you would take medicine to answer a need.

The time is not far distant when we will no more "nee food indiscriminately than we now take poisonous drugs. Eat to live, not live to eat.

Decided to Wed Mr. Dukkats.

From Pearson's Weekly.

"Why. Ethel, what are you doing with that big medical work in your lap?"

"Well, Arabella, you'd never guess, I am quite sure."

"You are not going to make a physician of yourself are you?" "You are not going to make a physician of yourself, are you?"
"Not at all. I am trying to find out which of my two suitors I love enough to marry. What do you think of that?"
"How can a cyclopedia of medicine help

"How can a cyclopedia of incontrol you?"

"Well, it's this way. Mr. Spondulicks is 57 years of age. He is worth £20,000, and has consumption. Mr. Dukkats is 65 years old. He is worth £109,000, and has inciplent gout. I thought, perhaps, this medical book would help me to make up my mind. I have about decided that I love Mr. Dukkats the better. Which would you love?"

LIFE OF THE POPULAR NOVELIST AS TOLD BY MR. CHAMBERLIN.

How She Works and How She Finds Material for Her Stories-What Effect Home Surroundings Have Upon Her Work.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, in the Critic, There is a curious delusion current about Miss Wilkins, which undoubtedly grows out of the determination of most people to make all writers as much as possible like their books. I have heard people, who really knew better, insist that Miss Wilkins must be a countryfied little person, looking and acting as if she had just stepped out of her own stories. This notion may claim to derive some color, perhaps, from the fact that she lives in the village where she was born, and in an old house of ver-nacular New England architecture, with let us make the best of it!" she cried, in her jolly way.

The pause which ensued was broken by the Silent Main.

"Gosh! that was great!" he said, in slow accents.

But the rest of us found it impossible to rise to the situation.

"I kin mend that wheel," continued the Silent Main, after a moment, "an' I'll do it. Mrs. Rosa, if yer'll sing all the time l'm workin'."

Its side toward the road and its front door in the middle of this side, with a north parlor and a south parlor, and a flower garden in front of the house. There is not much more to sustain the delusion. Miss Wilkins' tastes are only slightly rustic. It is a long time since Randolph, which is not so far out of Boston as the northern boundary of Greater New York is from the Battery, ceased to be a real New England



MISS WILKINS.

village. It is now a mixture of the suburb and the "shoe town"—both of which are very foreign to the thing which Miss Wilkins likes to describe, but does not affect in her life at all. Most of the faces you see in the streets of Randolph now are those of the blessed Irish; they swarm at the railroad station and give the life about the stores and the postoffice its character-

the stores and the postoffice its characteristic color.

Miss Wilkins' heredity is not rural even,
though it is intensely New Englandwhich is only another way of saying that
her race is perfectly unmixed English.
Her father came out of Salem, where his
people had always lived; and Salem, you
know, used to be almost metropolitan in
New England. He was descended from old
Bray Wilkins, witch inquistor and prominent Puritan generally of the old time.
Miss Wilkins' father (who, like her mother,
dled in middle life) had, as nearly as I can
make out, nothing of the countryman in
him at all; and the Puritan seemed to survive in him, as it does in thousands of other him at all; and the Puritan seemed to survive in him, as it does in thousands of other Yankees of the finer type, merely in a sort of exaggerated nervousness, conscientiousness and general unworldliness. He was an architect of the old kind, trained in the building trades rather than in the schools; and he varied this, his true occupation, with a little successful storekeeping up at Brattleboro. Miss Wilkins' mother's people were of the Holbrooks of Holbrook-fine "genteel" people of the old sort. The sunbonneted Jane Field kind of women are not in her ancestral line at all—unless it be in some of her great-grandmothers. Where and How Miss Wilkins Writes.

The ancient kitchen which is Miss Wilkins' sitting room is not also her writing room. Though it is nicely retired, and out of the noise of the exceedingly quiet houseof the noise of the exceedingly quiet household in which she has her home, its window commands a view of nothing but the side of the adjoining house, which affords but slight inspiration. She writes upstairs, in a room that looks off eastwardly over the street and its electric cars to the low coast hills and the woods in the distance. Another incongruity is to be observed here: Miss Wilkins has a typewriter! The machine is a new arrival, and an experiment, in some sense forced upon her by the bad blunders which compositors are continually making in her thoroughly picturesque and intensely individual but sometimes and Intensely individual but sometimes strangely illegible handwritnig. Nothing that Miss Wilkins has ever published, the sensitive literary reader may be assured, has ever yet been written by her on a type-

writer.

Her way of writing is not, usually, to rewrite anything once fully written out, but to elaborate a good deal as she goes along, throwing away a great many closely written sheets which are her trial lines. And indeed, though Miss Wilkins says of herself that she does not seem to "compose" but to write out something which she already knows or else which comes to her from some source outside or inside of hershe scarcely knows which—she nevertheless does work out passages or portions of her

she scarcely knows which—she nevertheless does work out passages or portions of her stories with great pains.

She does not go about at all looking for "material" for her stories. She never puts Randolph people into them; though she has, indeed, put into them dend and gone people. Barnabus, in "Pembroke," with the awful will, was a man who had lived. Her creations are mainly drawn purely out of her imagination, and squared to Nature and reality by the exercise of a keen and omnivorous faculty of observation which has



MISS WILKINS' HOME AT RANDOLPH,

grown instinctive, and is as unconscious as it is accurate. • • • •

A Bit From "Jerome."

· · · to the southward of the house in which Miss Wilkins was born there rises a big, picturesque granite ledge, quite 2 hill in itself, which is or was called the Great Rock. Flanked by some houses with

hill in itself, which is or was called the Great Rock. Flanked by some houses with a new surburban look, it seems to bulge out of the carth with an intention to be out of place—to be a kind of cosmic anachronism in Randolph. However, a few years ago it doubtless fitted into the landscape well enough: and from the sunny side of it Miss Wilkins nourished her imaginative childhood. To this extent that charming bit at the opening of "Jerome" is autobiographic:

"Three fields to the northward from the Edwards' house was a great rock ledge: on the southern side of it was a famous hiding place for a boy on a windy spring day. There was a hollow in the rock for a space as tall as Jerome, and the ledge extended itself out beyond it like a sheltering granite wing to the westward.

At the side of the gentle hill at the left a file of blooming peach trees looked as if they were moving down the slope to some imperious march music of the spring."

There are, in spite of the changes I have noted, a good many surviving traces of a more picturesque and gentle time in Randolph. An old and fortress-like stone house just across the way from her father's house was well calculated to haunt her fancy; and further down the street stands a fine old mansion, with gardens and lawns, which preserves the true flavor of colonial elegance. It is no wonder that we see such old mansion, with gardens and lawns, which preserves the true flavor of eolonial elegance. It is no wonder that we see such places cropping out in Mis Wilkins' stories. And yet her formative period was not spent in Randolph, but in Brattleboro—which also has its old-time flavor. So far as local influences have affected her work. I fancy that those of Southern Vermont have preponderated.

gramme. Sometimes her work goes reluctantly, and sometimes she is mastered and possessed by it, and it leaves her nervously exhausted, as well as desorientee regarding everyday affairs. After writing her Deerfield massacre, story, which the Messrs. Harper are now bringing out in a new collection of her short stories, she found it hard to make herself realize that she was not living in the time and place of the story; she really believed that the story—her story—was true.

she really believed that the story—her story—was true.

Of course she would get out of such obsessions of genius anyway, but it is probable that she is helped out of them the sooner by her strong sense of humor, to which certain homely circumstances are constantly appealing. She wrote not long ago to a friend: "Well, I have had one thing to be thankful for lately—the rooster that lived next door, that didn't know how to crow, but crowed all the same every three minutes, has been executed and cooked. So there are always mercies, if we only see them."

At Home In Boston.

Escaped Injury and Said That He

Never Intended to Injure

That Estimable Lady.

A most sensational incident occurred at Budapest the other day when Tina di Lecrazo, the handsome Italian tragedienne, who is playing a short engagement at the Hungarian capital, was assailed in the Magyarorszay, one of the principal daily papers, in an article from the pen of Dyonis de Pazmandy, a former repre-

At Home in Boston.

doiph; I think she feels more at home there. Some people may find that hard to believe, because at Boston she goes in neither for Browning nor Ibsen, and she is without a fad; but it is nevertheless true. You cannot discover about Miss Wilkins home a vestige of the influence of any hob-You cannot discover about Miss Wilkins home a vestige of the influence of any hobby—unless it is possibly her chafing dish; she has a beautiful time with that, and so do her friends. "Vlews" she has none, in the strenuous Bostonian sense; good, solid principles she has in plenty. As between Boston and Randolph, I am sure that one thing that makes her prefer the latter as a place of residence is the possibility of living there in a way to one side of her literary reputation. She is not at all fond of the strong light that beats upon authorship; but when she is in Boston she is continually getting into it, as a matter of course. In Randolph she lives with a family of excellent people who have known her ever since she was a child, and to whom, though they rejoice with perfect happiness over her success, she is always the girl whom they knew before she made that success. She is more like a daughter and a sister in this household than anything else, and she accepts the relation with the completest loyalty and devotion. She has what people call "literary society" well within her reach if she feels the want of retirement here without solitude, and, with it, it certainly need not be too much with her at Randolph.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

How the New Children Made Their Way Among the Neighbors.

The little girl who lived at No. 17 had had her small nose flattened against the win-dow pane most of the morning watching

new children were startled for a moment:
then they began to laugh. The little girl
in No. 17 could stand anything but that.
She tried very hard not to cry, but it
was most humiliating to have met her
match.

Weighing the new
The story of a young and devoted father. The baby was his first, and he wanted to weigh it.
"It's a bumper!" he exclaimed. "Where

was most numinating the match.

"Say," said one of the new children. "we none of us ain't afraid of anything. If you lend us those blue kittens we'll lend you our dolls with real rubbers." And the friendship was cemented.

"I'll try it at eight pounds," he said, sliding the weight along the beam at that figure.

Certain experiments which have recently been made tend to rehabilitate "cold" in its position as a cause of disease, for they have shown that exposure to cold lowers the resistance of the body to infection, and what is more interesting still, they have made it clear that in regard to various diseases which are known to be caused by micro-organisms, and especially in regard to pneumonia, we may carry the organisms about with us and not suffer, and yet that exposure to cold may at once enable the microbes to take root. Recent demonstrations of the presence of the pneumococcus in the lungs of healthy animals, and the fact that exposing such animals to a thorough chill will bring on pneumonia is very suggestive, and makes it probable that in many of the aliments which result from "catching cold" a current infection from without is not necessary. The healthier and cleaner the man, both inside and out, the more no doubt will he be able to bear the exposure without ill consequences; but for those people whose tissues are already charged with infective micro-organisms, a "mere chill" may evidently set up disease.

Siding the weight along stom that."

He skild the weight along several notches figure.

"It won't do. She weighs were so much more than that."

He skild the weight along several notches farther.

"She weighs more than ten pounds—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen! Is it possible."

He skild the weight along several notches farther.

"She weighs more than ten."

"It won't do. She weighs ever so much more than that."

He skild the weight along several notches farther.

"She weighs more than ten pounds—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen! Is it possible."

He skild the weight along several notches farther.

"She goorge!" he said. "She weighs more than ten."

Figures—fourteen! Is the skild the weight along several notches farther.

"By George!" he said. "She weighs more than ten. pounds—intreen—fourteen! Is the skild the skil the skil the skil the baby George!" he said. "She weighs more than ten."

He skild the weight a

Escaped Injury and Said That He

daily papers, in an article from the pen of Dyonis de Pazmandy, a former repre-Naturally, Miss Wilkins is almost as much at home in Boston as she is in Randolph; I think she feels more at home at large that the young actress, who is not more than 24 years old, had been a favorite of the sultan, and that she had been an inmate of the harem for a number of years.
This article excited considerable atten-

tion, of course, since Signorina di Lorenzo is a member of one of the most aristo-cratic families of Naples; had enjoyed a blameless reputation and was well re-ceived in the best circles of society, and



The little girl who lived at No. If had had her small nose flattened against the window pane most of the morning watching the new people move in next door, says the New York Evening World.

The new people had children, but the little girl in No. II had a species of neighborly initiation which she tried on all newcomers. She had had so many disappointments about the children who lived next door that she was very wary about making any further acquaintances. They were always horrid, like the children in school readers. And they called their dolis Mary, or Ella, or some commonplace name list that, and they called their dolis Mary, or Ella, or some commonplace, so the little girl in No. II had a species of neighborly initiation which she tried on all newcomers to see if they were worthy of cultivation. This initiation was so terrible that no children had yet been found who could stand the whole of the thirty three degrees without shreking for their mothers or nursean a feeling of resigned superiority that the little girl in No. II took up her station in the backyard and prepared for the inquisition. The new children were in their backyard and they were in their backyard and prepared for the inquisition. The new children were in their backyard and they were in their backyard and prepared for the inquisition. The new children were in their backyard and prepared for the inquisition. The new children were in their backyard and prepared for the inquisition. The new children were in their backyard and prepared for the inquisition. The new children were in their backyard and prepared for the inquisition. The new children were in their backyard and prepared for the inquisition. The new children were in their backyard and prepared for the inquisition. The new children were in their backyard and prepared for the inquisition which he could not the interest of the presence of the inquisition which he could not the interest of the presence of the inquisition which were in their backyard and prepared for the inquisition. The new

figure.

"It won't do. She weighs ever so much more than that."

He slid the weight along several notches

SELF-TAUGHT SCULPTOR.



work Really Done by Spurts.

This work of Miss Wilkins' goes on placifild enough, but not in any way that is systematic enough to distress us. She speaks of a stint of a thousand words a day, but she has the artist's susceptibility to times and moods, and her work is really done by spurts. She is not one of those fortunate ones who can say, "Go to! I will sleep from 19 until 6, and then be fresh for my work." Sleep with her has to be wooed with subtle arts, and will follow no pro-